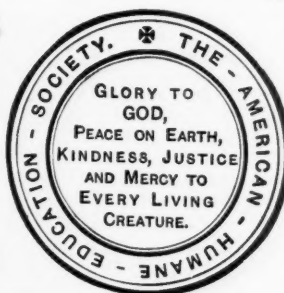


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 23.

Boston, January, 1891.

No. 8.



HAPPY NEW YEAR.—CLEAR THE TRACK.

From "Our Little Men and Women," published by kind permission of
D. Lothrop Co., Boston.

216,000.

BLACK BEAUTY.

We announced in December that the demand for "*Black Beauty*" had called for the printing of 196,000 copies.

To this we have been compelled to add 20,000 more, making our present issue 216,000, the largest, we believe, ever obtained by any book in America in the same length of time from first publication. We hope to print a million—possibly two millions.

TO AMERICAN EDITORS.

It will give me pleasure to send a copy of "*Black Beauty*" to any American editor who has not already received one, and who would be glad to notice it in his paper. So far as I am at present informed, no other book issued by the American Press has ever gone up to two hundred and sixteen thousand within the first eight months of its publication. I am now having it translated into Italian, French, German, Spanish, and Volapük.

36,000—70,000.

CIRCULATION OF "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

Although we publish no paid advertisements in this paper under any circumstances, yet we are glad to say in answer to inquiries that our smallest monthly issue in the past year has been 36,000 and our largest 70,000.

A SONG OF SNOW-TIME.

Sing a song of snow-time, now it's passing by,
Million little fleecy flakes falling from the sky;
When the ground is covered, and the hedge and trees,
There will be a gay time for the chickadees.

Boys are in the school-house, drawing on their slates
Pictures of the coasting-place, and thinking of their skates;
Girls are nodding knowingly, smilingly about,
Thinking of a gay time when the school is out.

Three o'clock, four o'clock,—bang! goes the bell,
Get your hats and coats and wraps, hurry off pell-mell;
Bring along the coasters all, if you want some fun,
Up to the hill-top, jump and slide and run.

Steady now! Ready now! Each in his place,
Here we go, there we go, down on a race!
Sing a song of snow-time, when the flakes fall,
Coast-time, skate-time, best time of all!

GOVERNOR (FORMERLY GENERAL)
BUCKNER OF KENTUCKY.

(From the Louisville Courier Journal.)

That was a fine passage between the Executive of Kentucky and the wife of the condemned man, who went to Frankfort last Friday to ask for a pardon. She had presented her papers and sat breathless whilst the arbiter of her fate perused them; and, as she waited, a mastiff, the playmate of the Governor's little son—a beast not given to strangers—uncoiled himself from the rug where he had been lying, and came up in that friendly way which only dogs know how to affect with perfect sincerity, and, seeing suspense and pain in the agitated features of the poor woman, he put his paws gently upon her knees and began to lick her hands. The Governor finished the papers and the petitioner was about to speak, when the grim old soldier said: "It is not necessary, madam; the dog has spoken for you," and straightway signed the document which was to release a dying man from prison and enable him to go to his grave from his own home.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin; and it is hard to say which moves us the more; the spectacle of that brave gentleman and soldier, whom it is a delight and pride to hail as our chief magistrate, stirred to the depths by the silent eloquence of a dog; or the thought of that noble brute, inspired by we know not what, to become an irresistible pleader for mercy before the highest court.

The incident makes a seasonable text. Indeed, there was as much of truth as sarcasm in the observation of the cynic, who declared that the more he saw of men the better he thought of dogs. The love of a dog has nothing sordid about it, nor treacherous. The poor beast knows not how to dissemble. Gov. Buckner knew his son's dog and believed in him. And, when he saw him make common cause with the grief-stricken woman, he felt that, if he followed the lead of that dog's pity and love, he could make no mistake. And he did not; and then and there the angel that writes in a book drew a great white mark for that Governor and that dog.

A GOOD WAY TO MAKE
NOBLE-HEARTED MEN AND WOMEN.

The secretary of the "Buffalo Humane Society" sends us, in a letter ordering 600 more copies of "Black Beauty," the following, cut from a Buffalo daily:—

The principal of St. Margaret's School, Miss Tuck, urges her pupils not to waste time in sentiment, but to do good deeds whenever the opportunity offers. Not long since there appeared in "Woman's Work" a paragraph which referred to the action of some philanthropic women of Boston and New York, who had given copies of "Black Beauty," that gentle gospel of kindness to animals, to all the car-drivers of their respective cities. This paragraph was read aloud to the pupils of St. Margaret's, and at the suggestion of Miss Tuck the pupils raised \$25 for the Buffalo Humane Society, to be used to purchase and distribute these books among the Buffalo car-drivers.

THE AMERICAN HORSE MONTHLY,
DETROIT.

We are glad to learn by kind letter from Mr. F. W. Floyd, editor of above, that he will call attention to the work of our "American Humane Education Society," print "Black Beauty" as a serial, and send about ten thousand copies free to horsemen, breeders, owners, and drivers. We should be glad to receive just such a letter from every editor in America.

BE SURE YOU BUY THE
RIGHT BOOK.

Two New York publishers, taking advantage of our wide presentation and advertisement, have issued editions of "Black Beauty."

They are printed on poor paper, and leave out all the humane pictures and information which constitute an important part of our book, substituting advertisements of corsets, medical discoveries, pills, etc., etc.

I TOLD YOU SO.

The *Youth's Companion* tells a good story of some country people who travelled, some years ago, ten miles to see a locomotive and train of cars.

The old gentleman was the only one who had ever seen a locomotive, and he undertook to explain it to the rest by touching various parts with his cane.

The old lady cautioned him not to touch it, but he kept on. The engineer said nothing until he touched the boiler, when he blew the whistle with a most unearthly screech, which put the whole party to flight.

"There now, pa," said the old lady, "I told you you'd do some mischief with that cane. I s'pect we'll have it to pay for. I ain't going nigh the thing again!"

SAN FRANCISCO.

We acknowledge orders (with remittance) for several thousand copies of "Black Beauty," to be used by the San Francisco Society P. C. A.

(From "San Francisco News Letter.")

Humane education means the distribution of humane educational literature—of thousands of copies of "Black Beauty" to car-drivers, hackmen, school children, and country boys and girls. Humane education calls for funds to carry on this work of gratuitous distribution. G. T. Angell, President of the Humane Society of Boston, is making herculean efforts to carry out this benevolent idea.

SAN FRANCISCO.

We are glad to receive a communication from Nathaniel Hunter, Secretary of the San Francisco Society P. C. A., that the Society proposes to raise a fund to distribute a hundred thousand copies of "Black Beauty."

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

We are glad to receive a large order for "Black Beauty" from *The Dubuque Daily Telegraph*, the largest daily published in Iowa.

ST. PAUL.

For check \$25 enclosed please send 600 copies Band of Mercy Information, 600 copies Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, and 600 copies of your Nashville address.

T. A. ABBOTT,
President St. Paul Society P. C. A.

We are glad to know, by orders like this from St. Paul, and other large orders from the San Francisco and Portland, Oregon, societies, that the Great West is moving, and may yet lead not only the nation but the world in the march of humanity and civilization.

"For not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright!"

A commendable act will be that of erecting a monument to commemorate the work of Anna Sewell, author of "Black Beauty."—*Journal of Commerce*, Galveston, Texas.

MINNEAPOLIS.

We acknowledge check from City Treasurer of Minneapolis for five hundred copies of "Black Beauty," sent to "The Minneapolis Board of Education."

A MONUMENT TO ANNA SEWELL.

It has been proposed to erect a monument to that noble English lady, Anna Sewell, who wrote "Black Beauty," which book has probably converted more people than any written since the Bible.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

THE COPYRIGHT ON BLACK BEAUTY.

We do not believe that an English publisher has any moral right to buy up a book like "Black Beauty" for twenty pounds, and after selling a hundred thousand copies in his own country demand that the whole world shall pay him a high price for it or not read it. We do believe it to be a moral duty of a publisher of a book like this, for which he paid only twenty pounds, and of which he has sold at high price over a hundred thousand copies, to issue in his own country a cheap edition at a cost price which shall bring it within the reach of the poorest of his countrymen.

The highest exercise of charity is charity toward the uncharitable.—*Buckminster*.

DEFINING AN ANTHEM.

A sailor who had been to a church service, where he heard some fine music, was telling about an anthem which he heard.

A listening shipmate asked, "I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?"

"What?" exclaimed Bill. "Don't know what a hanthem is?"

"Not me."

"Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, 'Ere, Bill, give me that 'andspike,' that would n't be a hanthem. But if I was to say, 'Bill, Bill, Bill, give, give, give me, give me that, Bill, give me, give me that 'and, give me that 'and, 'andspike, spike, spike. Bill, give, me that, that, 'and, 'andspike, 'and, 'andspike, spike, spike, spike. Ah-men, ah-men. Billgive-me-that 'andspike, spike. Ahmen!' why, that would be a hanthem!"

NEW ZEALAND.

It gives us pleasure to receive the following from New Zealand:—

AUCKLAND, N. Z., Oct. 30, 1890.

G. T. ANGELL, Esq., Boston, U. S. A.:

Dear Sir,—I write to tender you special thanks and acknowledgment for the valuable papers received from time to time. Our committee thought so highly of your address to the National Association of Superintendents of Public Schools, at Washington, D. C., that they have had slips printed of extracts and circulated among the teachers of our public schools, and the papers formed the subject for dictation in a good many classes.

Your faithful fellow-worker,
JAMES BURTT, Honorary Secretary.

GIRARD COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA.

December 6, 1890.

DEAR SIR,—Please enter upon your list of subscribers Girard College, twenty-two copies of "Our Dumb Animals," to begin with the December number. Send us your bill and it will be paid by return mail.

Yours truly,

A. H. FETTEROLF, President.

[In the interests of "Humane Education," we want just such an order from every college in America.—EDITOR.]

BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

We receive this December 20th a letter from Mr. N. H. Whittemore, Principal of "The Harris School," wishing terms for a large subscription for this paper from the pupils of his school, in which he says:—
"The City of Boston could not make a better investment than to supply every pupil, old enough to read, with 'Our Dumb Animals.'"

GETTING RICH FROM SALES OF
"BLACK BEAUTY."

Our friends must not think we are getting rich on selling "Black Beauty" at six and twelve cents.

We have paid for this book already thousands of dollars more than we have received from its sales.

TOOK OFF HIS GLASSES.

A New Hampshire physician sends me the following cat story, for which he vouches:—

"Among other queer tricks Dick will take off my glasses very carefully with his paw, hold them with one claw and survey them with great apparent interest.

"The first time he did this was one night when he had been napping and I reading. He is a great pet, and going to him I bent over, without indicating by any motion my meaning, and said gently, —

"Dick, if you want to go to bed take off my glasses."

"He immediately reached up a paw and took them off as deftly as though it were an old habit. Thinking this a 'happen so,' I put them on and made the same request in different words, with precisely the same result. After one more repetition he yawned and plainly intimated that was enough."—*Philadelphia Times*.

When the hour of trouble comes to the mind or the body, or when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low, then it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others, that we think on most pleasantly.—*Sir Walter Scott*.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over nine thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over five hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or *authorized to be signed*—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band," and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



"FETCH" BRINGING UP THE COWS.

From "DOG STORIES AND DOG LORE." Edited by COL. THOMAS W. KNOX. Copyright by O. M. DUNHAM. (Used by kind permission of Cassell & Co., New York City.)

FETCH BRINGING UP THE COWS.

Old "Fetch" was a shepherd dog, and lived in the highlands of the Hudson. His master kept nearly a dozen cows, and they ranged at will among the hills during the day. When the sun was low in the west his master would say to "Fetch," "Bring the cows home," and it was because the dog did his task so well that he was called "Fetch."

One sultry day he departed as usual upon his evening task. From scattered shady and grassy nooks he at last gathered all the cattle into the mountain road leading to the barnyard. A part of the road ran through a low, moist spot bordered by a thicket of black alder, and into this one of the cows pushed her way and stood quietly. The others passed on, followed some distance in the rear by Fetch.

As the cows approached the barnyard gate, he quickened his pace, and hurried forward as if to say, "I'm here, attending to business." But his complacency was disturbed as the cows filed through the gate. He whined a little, and growled a little, attracting his master's attention. Then he went to the high fence surrounding the yard, and, standing on his hind feet, peered between two of the rails. After looking at the herd carefully for a time, he started off down the road again on a full run. His master now observed that one of the cows was missing, and he sat down on a rock to see what Fetch was going to do about it.

Before long he heard the furious tinkling of a bell, and soon Fetch appeared bringing in the perverse cow at a rapid pace. The gate was thrown open, and the cow went through it. Fetch then lay down quietly to cool off in time for supper. — *Dog Stories and Dog Lore.*

Mrs. G.: "O doctor, how I should hate to be buried alive!"

Doctor: "Calm yourself, madam. No patient of mine need ever fear that."

A TRUE FRIEND.

One of the saddest sights ever witnessed in this city is the grief of Jack Johnson's noble old dog since his master's death, week before last.

During Mr. Johnson's last sickness the affectionate animal seldom ever left the door of the house, and a sad and inquiring look met the gaze of every one who passed in and out of the sick room.

After the funeral the old fellow, who is part Newfoundland, and of a large size, improved the first opportunity offered to search the house for his beloved master. He next made a visit to the brick yards, and successively to every place formerly haunted by his owner, paying little attention to the caresses and words of kindness from others. For several days he has given up the search in outside places, and early every morning takes his place just outside the front gate, and sits for hours looking up and down the street with mournful expectation. His appetite is gone, and he is undoubtedly slowly pining away, and he affords a picture of heart-broken sorrow seldom equalled in human beings. — *Fort Scott News.*

(From Phillipsburg Ledger, Oct. 24.)

A FAITHFUL DOG SAVED HIS MASTER'S LIFE.

On Thursday night of last week, says the *Coalport Standard*, Farmer L. Imler, living near Utahville, returned from Houtzdale, where he had been to collect some money, and while putting his horse away in the barn, was assaulted by two unknown ruffians, who had, doubtless, followed him from Houtzdale to rob him. One of the ruffians struck him with a knife while the other beat him with a club. They would have murdered him but for the sudden appearance of Mr. Imler's huge farm dog, which bounded on the scene and pinned one of the villains to the ground, allowing Mr. Imler to escape to the house, where he aroused his family and rang the farm bell and brought the neighbors to the rescue. The dog in the meantime fought valiantly, but the two robbers managed to escape from him and got away in the darkness.

THE DOG SAVED THEM.

Mr. M. F. Embry had \$750 insurance on his dwelling house which burned Monday night. The fire originated in or near the kitchen. Mr. Roberts and wife, the tenants, had time to save nothing excepting the clothes on their backs. Mr. Embry left his pocket-book, containing \$60, and watch on the mantel. Some of the occupants would have perished in the flames had it not been for Mr. E.'s dog, which, with human intelligence, came to the house from his kennel at the barn and by whining and vigorously scratching on the outside of the door, waked up the family—only in time to save themselves. That dog is not for sale. — *Shelbyville, Ill., Daily Union.*

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, January, 1891.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

We are glad to report this month *two hundred and sixty-seven new branches* of our "*Parent Band of Mercy*," making a total of *nine thousand one hundred and sixteen*.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a *public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel*, can send us *seventeen cents* in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume.

Persons wishing "*Our Dumb Animals*" for gratuitous distribution can send us *five cents* to pay postage, and receive *ten copies*, or *ten cents* and receive *twenty copies* of back numbers.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "*Our Dumb Animals*" one year for *twenty-five cents*.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

Our *American Humane Education Society* sends this paper each month to *all the editors of America, north of Mexico*.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Taking into account the success of our "*American Humane Education Society*," the numerous donations that kind friends have given it, the work done by its missionaries, the millions of pages of humane literature it has distributed, including over two hundred thousand copies of the best book ever written for the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals, the new *Humane Societies* and *Bands of Mercy* it has formed, — and it is quite certain that no year of the world's history has witnessed a greater progress for the protection of God's lower creatures than the one that has just passed. Nor did any new year of the world's history ever open with a brighter outlook for our humane work in the future than this upon which we have just entered.

Let us, then, praise God, and, asking a continuance of the Divine blessing, go bravely forward with the determination, so far as in us lies, of making the present year the happiest for both human and dumb creatures that the world has ever seen.

SHORT LETTERS.

Friends must pardon our short letters. We have in this morning's mail alone one hundred and forty-five requiring answers, and others will come through the day.

Cases Reported at our Boston Offices in November.

Whole number dealt with, 185. Animals taken from work, 13; horses and other animals killed, 30.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

The question is asked us, what is the difference between "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" and "*The American Humane Education Society*"?

I answer: The object of "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" is to protect dumb animals and carry humane education throughout the State of Massachusetts.

The object of "*The American Humane Education Society*" is, with the help of "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*," and all the outside help it can get, to found "*Humane Societies*," promote humane education, and protect from cruelty throughout this whole American continent.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CATTLE ON THE PLAINS.

Our "*American Humane Education Society*" wants for use in the public press a few photographs of herds of dead cattle, starved and frozen, as they appear on our Western plains, for which I shall be glad to pay a reasonable price. Will some of our Western friends who may be able to have such pictures taken, please write, giving me about the cost, and oblige.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TO OUR FRIENDS IN NEW ENGLAND.

It gives us great pleasure to say that we have arranged with one of our best friends, *Miss Mary P. Lord*, of Holliston, Mass., to visit various towns in Massachusetts, and possibly elsewhere in New England, for the purpose of awakening, by public addresses and otherwise, increased interest in our humane work.

The following letter from the Rev. Dr. Clark, president of "*The National Societies of Christian Endeavor*," will give her a kind reception by the young people of Christian churches wherever she may go:—

UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR,
50 BROMFIELD STREET.

FRANCIS E. CLARK, D. D., President.
J. W. BAER, Gen'l Sec'y. WILLIAM SHAW, Treasurer.
BOSTON, September 30, 1890.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

I am very glad to know that Miss Mary P. Lord is bringing the cause of "*those who cannot speak for themselves*" to the attention of the Christian people of New England. From all I know of the work in which she is engaged, I can most heartily endorse it, and from what I know of Miss Lord herself, I am confident that any church or company of people to whom she may go will be greatly interested in her visit and profited by it.

Sincerely yours,
F. E. CLARK.

CONGRESSMAN E. A. MORSE IN A BRIGHT LIGHT.

DEAR ANGELL:

If you would ask the Legislature, next winter, to pass a law to forbid and punish the use of what is known as the "*hog-check*" rein on a horse, you would do a humane and Christian act. The "*hog-check*" is an instrument of torture to a horse that is wicked and cruel, and ought to be prevented.

Yours truly,

ELIJAH A. MORSE.

In writing that letter and showing that interest in animals, Mr. Morse wins a place in all human hearts that no amount of political success could give him. *The man who is thoughtful of animals bears close relationship to the Divine.*

By the way, we suppose that's called the "*hog-check*" because *only hogs use it*. If a man who always drives as though a ferocious wild beast were in front of him, could only "see himself as others see him," just for once, he would purchase his own monument and hide his head beneath it." — *Rockland Independent*.

A BOSTON D. D.

One of the leading clergymen of our city stopped us this morning on the way to our office, to tell us that he had recently visited Wisconsin, and was surprised to find away out there the enthusiasm expressed over the work of our "*American Humane Education Society*," "*Bands of Mercy*," etc. We replied, "Well, Doctor, if you had kept on to Tacoma you might have found just the same."

We shipped this morning 1,000 copies of "*Black Beauty*" to San Francisco. We have hundreds of subscribers to "*Our Dumb Animals*" in Oregon. Our paper goes monthly to every editor in America north of Mexico. Our "*Bands of Mercy*" are in every State and Territory north of Mexico, except Alaska. We are now beginning to send out *live missionaries*. On reaching our office we find in this morning's mail letters from Maine one way—New Mexico another—North and South Dakota another—Canada another.

We read the other day that a prominent evangelist asked all his hearers who wanted to go to the good place to rise. All rose but one man. He then asked all who wanted to go to the bad place to rise. The man still remained seated. He then asked the friend who remained seated to say where he did want to go, and the man replied that he didn't want to go anywhere—he wanted to stay here. We often feel, in this glorious work which kind Providence has brought us into, as though we wanted to have health and strength to work and stay here for ever.

HYDROPHOBIA.

We are glad to publish the following letter from Dr. Chas. W. Dulles, of Philadelphia, editor of the "*Medical and Surgical Reporter*:"—

December 16, 1890.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.,

19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.:

Dear Sir,—I have been for several years appointed and reappointed, by the Medical Society of Pennsylvania, to report to it in regard to the subject of hydrophobia; and the result of my investigations has strengthened more and more, from year to year, my conviction that cases of so-called hydrophobia depend principally upon the amount of fear which prevails in any community in regard to it.

Many measures which are put forward—no doubt honestly—with a view to prevent hydrophobia, seem rather to encourage its production. Among these the most notorious is that by Pasteur. But, in addition to this, I find that wherever special measures are proposed, there is apt to be an increase of the number of cases of death from so-called hydrophobia. In this country the disease is so rarely seen that I do not believe any general protective measures are necessary—in fact, I think that if the false fear of it were cured, we would never see the disease in human beings.

Yours truly,

CHARLES W. DULLES.

P. S.—I send you one or two pamphlets of mine, which you may not have seen. I will be glad to co-operate with you in doing something to prevent the infliction of needless cruelty upon animals.

FEEDING OUR DOVES.

As our readers know, about a hundred doves come to our editorial window daily for food. A gentleman, Mr. Bruce, from Cohoes, N. Y., happening to call the other day while we were feeding them, insisted on leaving a dollar as his contribution towards feeding the doves.

TO SAVE LIFE IN STORMS.

In September "*Our Dumb Animals*" we published a letter written by us from Cottage City to "*The Boston Herald*," suggesting how the very important harbor of "*Vineyard Haven*," as well as other dangerous harbors, might be made safe by the use of oil, thrown by a force pump from a steam tug or from life-boats. In reading to-day the wonderful preservation of a steamer by oil, through one of our most violent Atlantic storms, it occurs to us to suggest that great additional power might be given in saving lives from wrecked vessels by supplying all our coast life-boats and life-saving stations with oil and small force pumps to throw it.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR MISSIONARIES.

The missionaries of our "American Humane Education Society" have done and are doing a splendid work.

If our paper were larger we could devote columns to their work—a part of which appears in our long lists of new "Bands of Mercy" published every month.

We have only space for short extracts from four letters, showing work in Jefferson City, the capital of Missouri, and other towns:—

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Nov. 21, 1890.

GEO. T. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—I left home the 18th, going direct to St. Louis, where I spent a day calling on the societies, and got copy of the laws relating to cruelty. From St. Louis I came here to the capital, and yesterday visited the public schools, white and colored, also Catholic schools, and met a warm welcome and formed 22 Bands of Mercy, as per list enclosed. Your address in November "Our Dumb Animals" is splendid and will do much good, as it is read by thousands over the country.

Very truly yours,

C. S. HUBBARD.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Nov. 25, 1890.

GEO. T. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—We had a large and enthusiastic meeting at the Court House last evening, and organized the Jefferson City Humane Society, with 40 members and the following officers: President, M. R. Sinks; Secretary, Dr. J. S. Thorpe.

Since writing you I have visited Lincoln Institute, located here, and formed six Bands of Mercy, also visited the Lutheran school and formed one band, and Sabbath morning visited the Penitentiary and talked to the female prisoners, of whom there are about 70, and in the afternoon addressed the male prisoners, of whom there are nearly 1700, every one of whom agreed to the pledge, and wanted to belong to a Band of Mercy.

I think the humane sentiment I have stirred up here will be a great blessing to many families as well as dumb animals.

I was much pleased to hear Prof. D. S. Fowler, of Lincoln Institute, say that he heard you deliver an address to the students of Howard University, at Washington City, a few years ago. Now he is here, a splendid fellow, doing good work training the young men and women of Missouri in heart and head for usefulness.

I go to Sedalia from here, where I shall be a week or ten days, as it is a large place and has a college and over 50 schools.

Yours very truly,

C. S. HUBBARD.

CARTHAGE, Mo., Dec. 11, 1890.

GEO. T. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—The papers have reached me here, for which accept thanks. I visited the schools and colleges of Clinton last Monday, and formed 30 Bands of Mercy. Tuesday visited the schools of Nevada, and formed 26 Bands of Mercy. Wednesday visited the schools of Carthage and formed 35 Bands of Mercy, lists of which please find enclosed. I go from here to Webb City and Joplin, then to Neosho and Vinita, and Fort Smith, Ark., at which place will be glad to hear from you. Fort Smith is a large place, and I shall most likely organize a society there.

Very truly yours,

CHAS. S. HUBBARD.

MONETT, MISSOURI, Dec. 15, 1890.

GEO. T. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—I have visited the public schools of Joplin since writing you, and formed thirty-three Bands of Mercy, a list of which please find enclosed. I have hardly visited any place where humane teaching is more needed than at Joplin, it being a mining town. Sabbath afternoon I visited a small town in the Cherokee Indian Nation, and formed a Band of Mercy. I am told there are about one hundred schools in this tribe, and that our work would be a great blessing not only to the children, but through them to their parents. I go from here to Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Very truly yours,

C. S. HUBBARD.

A GOOD FRIEND WRITES:—

I wish you could give us in "Our Dumb Animals" more from letters you are getting about the progress of our work. So do we, good friend.

We could fill a volume with them.

We had, by this morning's mail alone, one hundred and nineteen letters—nearly all in relation to our work,—and we may have thirty to fifty more before night.

But it costs a great deal to print and distribute from 26,000 to 70,000 copies of our paper monthly.

It somebody would give our "American Humane Education Society" money enough we would double its size and quadruple its circulation in the next ninety days.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

(From "Manchester Union.")

A man who will cut his horse's tail off square and short because it is the style among English dog-chasers, ought to wrap himself in the British flag and have telegraphic communications so he can roll up his trousers when it rains in London. A man who will draw the head of his horse into an unnatural position with an over-check ought to work one day with his head drawn backward so he could not see where he stepped.

When the architect spoke of the great nave in the new church, a pious lady said she "knew to whom he referred."

EXTRACT FROM A GOOD WISCONSIN LETTER.

November 17, 1890.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I enclose New York draft for two hundred dollars as a Thanksgiving offering to the cause of humane education.

A LETTER THAT HELPS.

FLUSHING, Dec. 15, 1890.

PRESIDENT GEO. T. ANGELL:

Dear Friend,—I send you a check of two hundred dollars for our "Humane Education Society." November "Our Dumb Animals" is full of interest. Hoping you will have a merry Christmas, I remain, yours truly,

SARAH R. OSGOOD.

FROM A NEW YORK CITY FRIEND.

December 18, 1890.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Please receive herewith one hundred dollars, my annual subscription to the "American Humane Education Society." If agreeable to you, please use it for your humane work in foreign lands, and greatly oblige, yours, with gratitude and esteem.

[It is a pleasure to know that this New York friend proposes to send us \$100 annually for our "American Humane Education Society."—EDITOR.]

A GOOD LETTER.

NEW YORK, November 24.

MR. GEORGE T. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—I enclose a check for a hundred dollars,—fifty dollars for the "American Humane Education Society," the remaining fifty for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Will you oblige me by considering this note confidential.

Very respectfully,

ANOTHER GOOD LETTER.

GALWAY, Nov. 24, 1890.

GEORGE T. ANGELL, Esq., President, etc.:—Dear Sir,—I enclose a check for \$28, of which \$25 is to be applied to the fund for the publication of "Black Beauty," and the remainder to the sending by mail of fifteen copies as by the list herewith enclosed.

And I thank you for the privilege you have procured for me of having and reading the book.

Truly yours,

H. W. CARPENTIER.

\$15 ENCLOSED.

We are glad to publish the following, containing \$15 from an unknown friend.

I have read "Black Beauty," and I hope the words will pierce every soul, and that it will kindle a fire that will not stop until the shameful abuse of horses is stopped.

The smile of the Great King is upon it, and upon those who are trying to prevent cruel and thoughtless things.

NEW BOSTON, N. H.

GIRARD COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA.

We are pleased to receive twenty-two annual subscriptions for "Our Dumb Animals" from the Girard College, Philadelphia.

CINCINNATI.

We are most glad to learn from my friend Mr. O. B. Todhunter that the "Ohio Society's" bazaar has netted \$20,000, and that they propose to raise as a "Building Fund" from \$50,000 to \$100,000.

The first thought that comes into our mind is "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow"—and the second, Why don't Chicago and some other large cities do likewise?

TORONTO.

We welcome a little four-page monthly, "The Humane Advocate," issued by "The Toronto Humane Society." May it grow to carry humane thought to all British North America.

Curate, visiting a poor cabman down with bronchitis: "Have you been in the habit of going to church?"

Poor cabby, faintly: "Can't say I hev, sir; but—I've druv a good many parties there, sir."

PLEASE
BLANKET YOUR HORSES
WHILE STOPPING
MASS. SOC. P. C. TO ANIMALS



OUR BANNER.

Longfellow tells of

"The youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!"

But on the severely cold days of winter we send out a youth to bear through our icy streets a banner with the much better device—

"Please blanket your horses while stopping."

When he finds in front of some great dry-goods store a coachman covered with furs, and his horses standing without blankets, he stops—plants the pole of his standard on the sidewalk—a crowd gathers—and the good lady never forgets thereafter to have her horses suitably protected.

VIVISECTION IN SCHOOLS.

I am told that in some American schools experiments are performed by teachers on living animals, simply to demonstrate facts stated in the school books. I shall be greatly obliged if readers of this paper will kindly send me an account of any such experiments they may have knowledge of.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

VIVISECTION.

We dimly remember an old fable in which the owner of a diminutive donkey in trying to please everybody failed to please anybody, and, in attempting to oblige one adviser by carrying the donkey on his shoulders across a bridge, stumbled and pitched the donkey over the side of the bridge, and so killed the donkey.

Some of our good friends would be glad to have us, in common with all societies for the protection of animals both in Europe and America, leave the question of vivisection severely alone, doing nothing and saying nothing in regard to it. Others of our good friends would be glad to have us fill the columns of this paper very largely with the most severe invectives against all who are in any way connected with experiments on living animals.

We have chosen to pursue a course of our

own, not alone because we believe "in media tutissima," but because we believe it the course of wisdom and true humanity.

Vivisection is only one branch of the great poisonous upas tree of cruelty, the varieties of which are seen in war, pestilence, drunkenness and poverty, crimes of violence, and thousands of other forms of suffering to the human race, and in cruelty of transportation, slaughter-houses, starvation on the plains, seal fisheries, destruction of millions of useful birds (frequently mother birds with their nests full of young), and a thousand forms of cruelty to the horse and other domestic and wild animals.

Most of the charitable societies of the world are simply working on the decayed leaves and rotten branches of this poisonous tree. There is but one great, grand, and effective remedy which strikes directly at the roots, and that is a general humane education of all nations. That is the aim of our "American Humane Education Society." The sending of this paper monthly to every editor in North America, north of Mexico, is a constant attempt to kindle fires all over this continent which shall burn up the roots of this poisonous tree. The millions of pages of humane literature which our "American Humane Education Society" is already sending over this continent, the humane societies which our missionaries are forming, the thousands of "Bands of Mercy" now being formed in every State and every Territory but Alaska, are all efforts to kindle fires which shall burn up the roots of this poisonous tree. But while we remember that vivisection is but one branch, we have never forgotten that it is a branch, and as such should have careful consideration.

For over twenty years, since we determined to give up our profession and chances of making a fortune, and live with economy to be able to devote our time and brains to this humane work, we have, in a multitude of lectures and addresses, in cities and towns from Boston to New Orleans one way, and from Boston to Dakota another, and by numerous articles written for publication, called attention to this subject.

At our request, on Oct. 19, 1887, in "Tremont Temple," Boston, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore urged "The Woman's Christian Temperance Union" to strike out from their school books all experiments on living animals, and this was done.

Some time since we caused to be sent to every physician in Massachusetts a copy of Dr. Leffingwell's Anti-vivisection essay, and more recently we have caused to be sent to every physician in Massachusetts an essay of Miss Frances Power Cobbe.

So far as we can learn, the anti-vivisection societies of both Europe and America, during the ten to twenty years of their existence, have totally failed to restrict in the slightest degree the practice of vivisection. On the contrary, it has been and is now vastly increasing both in Europe and America.

We are entirely satisfied that no plan which arrays against itself the hostility of the medical profession can succeed, and that any plan to be successful in preventing cruel and unnecessary vivisection must have the cordial sympathy and support of the best men of the medical profession. With these views we are now giving thought to the subject, and hope, if our life is spared, that in a few years better results may be seen than have been thus far obtained.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

Some of our correspondents forget that this paper is just what its name indicates—the advocate of our dumb animals.

It is our business to speak for the dogs and horses, and all the dumb animals that cannot plead their own cause.

There are tens of thousands of papers to speak for the humans; very few to tell what the dumb animals think and feel and suffer.

"BLACK BEAUTY."

ITS POSSIBLE TRANSLATION INTO THIRTY-FIVE LANGUAGES.

As our readers know, we are already having "Black Beauty" translated into Spanish, Italian, German, and French.

The following letter leads us to arrange for its translation into Volapük, through which our original plan of causing it to be read eventually by the people of all civilized nations may be materially aided:—

MR. ANGELL:
Dear Sir,—Since reading "Black Beauty" I have been very strongly inclined to write a translation of it into Volapük, by which means it would be read by many in more than thirty-five different lands,—if it should be possible to find some one who for love of humanity and of humanitarianism would be willing to undertake the expense of publishing it in the international language.

Can I have permission to make the translation if I find myself able physically to do so?

Respectfully,
(MRS.) LOUISE DOW BENTON.

We have answered Mrs. Benton's kind letter that we shall be glad to have her translate into Volapük, and possibly some one will give the money to secure its printing and publication. We do not intend to neglect any chance to secure the reading of this book throughout the whole civilized world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

JOAQUIN MILLER ON BANGED TAILS.

Joaquin Miller adds the weight of his protest against the fashion of banging horses' tails. It is English, he allows, but England is a breezy and cool land, with much mud and no flies or mosquitoes. This vast land of ours is hot, dry, dusty, and filled with flies and mosquitoes that torment horses almost to madness. The horse needs his tail here as much as he needs his teeth. God gave it him, says the Poet of the Sierras, and if you have the ghost of a heart you will let him keep it.—*Boston Herald, Dec. 1, 1890.*

PLEASANT.

We are pleased to find the following in that splendidly illustrated Chicago paper, the "Tourist and Traveller":—

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

There are papers and papers in this great and good country of ours, but no journal on earth has a grander, nobler object than has "Our Dumb Animals," an attractive monthly periodical, published at Boston. It seeks to protect dumb animals and to carry humane education throughout the continent. What better object could or does any paper serve? "Our Dumb Animals" should be a regular monthly visitor to every household in the land. None, young or old, can read it without being the better for it. Mr. Geo. T. Angell's heart and soul are in his work. His object is not money. To all who will listen, he desires merely to "speak for those who cannot speak for themselves."

Another mighty agent for good is the wonderful story of "Black Beauty," an autobiography of a noble, patient, and willing horse. These two publications should be placed in the hands of every driver of delivery wagons, cabmen, cartmen, teamsters, and all others. In fact, this beautiful story will do good to everybody. The heart that is not touched by it belongs not in the human body.

HOW TO GIVE A CAT MEDICINE.

A New York gentleman has a very fine Angora cat, and so fine a specimen of her kind that she is famous in a large circle of fashionable folk. She is not rugged in health, yet she cannot be persuaded to take physic. It has been put in her milk, it has been mixed with her meat, it has even been rudely and violently rubbed in her mouth, but never has she been deluded or forced into swallowing any of it. Last week a green Irish girl appeared among the household servants. She heard about the failure to treat the cat. "Sure," said she, "give me the medicine and some lard and I'll warrant she'll be eating all I give her." She mixed the powder and the grease and smeared it on the cat's sides. Pussy at once licked both sides clean and swallowed all the physic. "Faith," said the servant girl, "everybody in Ireland does know how to give medicine to a cat."

What is that which, though black, enlightens the world? Ink.

MRS. "BUT."

Mrs. "But" is our next-door neighbor. Her real name is Green, but Jonas, whenever he sees her marching up the walk, remarks, "My dear, here comes Mrs. But." He is not given to calling people names; he says it merely to put me on my guard, for he knows our neighbor's failing. She is a bright, breezy little woman, and as long as the conversation is confined to the weather and household affairs I quite enjoy chatting with her, but the moment that a human being, living or dead, chances to be mentioned, I begin to quake.

The first time she called—it was soon after we moved into the neighborhood—I happened to say that Mrs. Goodwin, from the opposite side of the street, had been in to see me, and that she impressed me as a very lovely character.

"Oh, she is indeed," said Mrs. "But," heartily, "she is such a devoted wife and so good to the poor. But," she went on, lowering her voice, "there used to be a good deal of talk about her when she was a girl, and though I don't suppose half the things that were said were true, people don't seem to forget it."

What necessity there was for this drop of poison to be instilled into my mind I could not see. Mrs. Goodwin's youth was in the far past, and in the gossip concerning her in that remote period I had no interest whatever. I was quite willing to take her as she was in her sweet, ripe womanhood.

One day when Mrs. "But" dropped in she found my little friend, Nellie Gray, at the piano. Nellie is a shy, brown-eyed girl of fifteen, gifted with a wonderful ear for melody, and, as the Grays had no piano, I had offered her mine. "I can't help loving the child, she is such a warm-hearted little creature, and so eager for music," I said, as the door closed behind her.

My visitor gave a scarcely perceptible shrug. "Yes, Nellie seems to be a very nice girl," she admitted; "but I suppose you know that she is a poorhouse waif."

"No," I said. I knew nothing of the kind. Mrs. Gray had introduced Nellie to me as her eldest daughter, and the information volunteered by Mrs. "But" was utterly uncalled for.

One evening, on our way home from prayer-meeting, Jonas remarked that he always enjoyed listening to young Spaulding, he was so devout and earnest.

"Yes, he is a very interesting speaker," said our neighbor, who had joined us as we came out of the lecture-room, "and he seems very sincere, but I can't help feeling a little suspicious. I knew him when he was a boy."

Jonas made haste to change the subject; a word of encouragement would have resulted in our hearing the whole history of the young man's boyhood.

"I've no patience," he exclaimed the moment we were by ourselves, "with people who are always bringing up the past. Just imagine what heaven would be if the inhabitants were disposed to indulge in that sort of retrospection! The Angel Gabriel himself would hardly be safe from their disparaging 'buts,' and the whitest robe in all the 'white-robed throng' would be in danger of being smutted."

"And yet," I said, "Mrs. 'But' evidently considers herself a Christian."

"Oh, I don't dispute her title," said Jonas, "but I can't help thinking that she might be able to read it clearer if she would rub up her glasses with the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Never give way to melancholy. Are you happy? Are you likely to remain so till evening, or next month, or next year? Then why destroy present happiness by a distant misery, which may never come at all? Every substantial grief has twenty shadows, and most of them shadows of our own making.—*Sydney Smith.*

(From Falmouth Local, Nov. 13, 1890.)

Over 196,000 copies of "Black Beauty" have already been sold. Three thousand copies were recently ordered for the public schools of Lynn. A copy of this remarkable book should be put in every school-house of Cape Cod. It is now proposed to raise an American monument over the grave of its English authoress, Anna Sewall, and Mr. H. M. Arnold, of Pawtucket, R. I., begins with a subscription of fifty dollars.



Copyright, 1882, by Lee & Shepard.

REMEMBER THE BIRDS IN WINTER.

By kind permission of Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, its publishers, we put before our readers last month one of the *forty-six* beautiful pictures of "*One Year's Sketch Book*," by Irene E. Jerome, and advised those who are looking for something truly beautiful to examine the book.

The picture gave so much pleasure to some of our readers that, by kind permission of Lee & Shepard, we give them on this page another picture from the same book.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

THE SNOW-BIRD.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Where doth the snow-bird sleep?
The stormy winter's night comes on apace,
Thick falls the snow—knows it a sheltered place
Where it can snugly creep,
And, safe and warm, its dusty pinions fold?
Where doth He hide His snow-birds from the cold?
All day the dark-winged flock
About my window, hopping, chirping, come
Asking of Tynlu a seed, a crumb
From his abundant stock.
The yellow, pampered captive from the Isles
Where summer with perpetual verdure smiles,
Welcomes these wanderers through the winter's storm,
And fain would share with them his shelter warm.
With small, faint song, low and pleasant hum,
Hungry and bold, nimble and brave, they come,

Swept with the snow along.
They frolic in the snow,—
They dance with the white flakes,
And every small foot makes
In the pure covering its tiny track;
While stars and spangles deck each little back,—
They frolic in the snow
That falls so thickly round
O'er all the frozen ground;
But do the gay ones know
Where they this freezing night may hide away,
And all securely until morning stay?
Close to the glass they creep,
In at the panes they peep,
Holding strange Masonry with Tynlu;
And their enticing ways,
And all their antic plays,
Are full in the lone captive's charmed view.
They see the shadows fall,
And to each other call,
And Tynlu replies and tries to go
Onto the hardy brood,
With whom he shares his food,
The little dusky clives that haunt the snow.
Eagerly, but in vain
He smites the window pane—
Oh! foolish little bird, where wouldst thou fly?
Thy nest is safe and warm,
Nought shall my Birdie harm,
But out in the cold snow he soon would die.
Where do the snow-birds sleep?
Where doth He safely keep
His hardy, happy, little winter sprites?
I know their haunts by day—
But see—they haste away—
Where does He shelter them these stormy nights?

Constant activity in endeavoring to make others happy,
is one of the surest ways of making ourselves so.—R. W.
Emerson.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

WRITTEN BY A LITTLE "BAND OF MERCY"
GIRL ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

THE BIRDS.

Some birds live on the land,
Others swim on the seas.
Some make their nests on the sand,
Others in the trees.
The plumage of some birds is bright,
And that of others dull.
Some are black as night,
And others white, like the gull.
Some birds live on fish,
Others live on seed,
Tame ones eat out of a dish,
Others a wild life lead.
Some have long legs, like the stork,
Others short, like the duck.
You can see them at the park in New York,
If you happen to have the good luck.
This is all I have to say,
So I will bid you good-by
Just for to-day.
For some birds like to fly.

Zada Stoddard.

DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the *life mutilation* of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead

every child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word, or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

8849 Bellefonte, Pa.
Bellefonte Band.
P., Clara Valentine.

8850 St. Charles, Ill.
Silver Leaf Band.
P., Mrs. G. W. Minard.

8851 Charlottesville, Ind.
Public Schools.
Golden Rule Band.
P., S. C. Slaley.

8852 Busy Bee Band.
P., Mrs. A. I. Hatfield.

8853 Lincoln Band.
P., W. T. Lamon.

8854 Carthage, Ind.
Walnut Ridge Schools.
Tulip Band.
P., Miss H. Howell.

8855 Violet Band.
P., Emma Youst.

8856 Carthage, Ind.
Rabbit Hosh School.
Willing Workers Band.
P., Lucy Guffin.

8857 Jones' Mills, Pa.
Mayflower Band.
P., Jessie M. Williams.

8858 Yardley, Pa.
Lake Afton Band.
P., Mrs. W. G. Large.

8859 Washington, Ind.
George Washington Band.
P., Mrs. E. McConnell.

8860 Hartford, Wis.
Wheelock Band.
P., Rev. E. N. Andrews.

8861 Jefferson City, Mo.
Public Schools.
Touch-me-not Band.
P., E. H. Kochtitzky.

8862 Goldenrod Band.
P., Mollie Chamber.

8863 Pansy Band.
P., Jennie Pedigo.

8864 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Julius Eppes.

8865 Canary Band.
P., Hattie Bright.

8866 Violet Band.
P., Lizzie Ticknor.

8867 Lily of the Valley Band.
P., Edith Rhodes.

8868 Rose Band.
P., Jennie Curry.

8869 Pink Band.
P., Zue Gordon.

8870 Busy Bee Band.
P., Lalla Murphy.

8871 Rosebud Band.
P., H. M. Holmes.

8872 Robin Band.
P., Mary Rogers.

8873 George Washington Band.
P., Anna Murray.

8874 Lincoln Band.
P., Mary Bauer.

8875 J. G. Whittier Band.
P., Mr. E. L. Anthony.

8876 Mocking Bird Band.
P., Miss J. E. Ramsey.

8877 Robinson Crusoe Band.
P., I. B. Dupee.

8878 Jefferson City, Mo.
Catholic Schools.
Lily Band.
P., Mr. Boerger.

8879 Rose Band.
P., Sister Tolentine.

8880 Violet Band.
P., Sister Lydia.

8881 Daisy Band.
P., Sister Lamberta.

8882 Rosebud Band.
P., Sister Irene.

8883 Portland, Me.
Park St. Primary School.
The Alerts Band.
P., Philip W. Carney.

8884 Milton, Wis.
Milton Band.
P., Mrs. E. M. Jordan.

8885 New Bethlehem, Pa.
New Bethlehem Hope Band.
P., Mrs. E. Scott.

8886 Philadelphia, Pa.
Helping Hand Band.
P., Rebecca B. Lowry.

8887 Natick, Mass.
Pelchville Band.
P., Miss P. A. Boatwell.

8888 Star Band.
P., Ida E. Finley.

8889 Young Protectors Band.
P., E. W. Hathaway.

8890 Trenton, N. Y.
Landseer Band.
P., L. G. Moore.

8891 Sparta, Mich.
Sparta Band.
P., Mrs. R. S. Baldwin.

8892 Oshkosh, Wis.
Excelsior Band.
P., Miss Genie Murdock.

8893 Canton, So. Dakota.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Helen E. Tibbetts.

8894 Jefferson City, Mo.
Missouri State Prison.
Hope Band.
P., Mrs. Jameson.

8895 I'll Try Band.
P., E. Wilson.

8896 Never Fail Band.
P., W. Gossard.

8897 Willing Workers Band.
P., C. Havay.

8898 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Mr. Argo.

8899 Lincoln Band.
P., F. Tony.

8900 U. S. Grant Band.
P., L. Bean.

8901 Garfield Band.
P., F. Lakin.

8902 Whittier Band.
P., Mr. Clarke.

8903 Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., A. Walker.

8904 Longfellow Band.
P., W. Moore.

8905 Hopkins Band.
P., Mr. McGuire.

8906 Golden Rule Band.
P., S. Wright.

8907 Star Band.
P., C. Williams.

8908 Sunshine Band.
P., Mr. Ferguson.

8909 Touch-me-not Band.
P., Mr. Faust.

8910 Goldenrod Band.
P., Jo Hickox.

8911 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Mr. Sullivan.

8912 Sunbeam Band.
P., Mr. Shoemaker.

8913 Violet Band.
P., Mr. West.

8914 Tulip Band.
P., Mr. Murray.

8915 Buttercups Band.
P., Mr. Austin.

8916 Daisy Band.
P., Mr. Hunter.

8917 Pansy Band.
P., Mr. Johnson.

8918 Sun Flower Band.
P., Capt. Tolin.

8919 Helping Hand Band.
P., Capt. Todd.

8920 Busy Workers Band.
P., Capt. Jobe.

8921 Summer Band.
P., Mr. Suvillen.

8922 Stanley Band.
P., Mr. Bradbury.

8923 Livingstone Band.
P., C. Clay.

8924 Gladstone Band.
P., Mr. Henderson.

8925 Redbird Band.
P., R. E. Morrison.

8926 Canary Band.
P., Mr. Morrison.

8927 Oriole Band.
P., Mr. Berryman.

8928 Bluebird Band.
P., Mr. Adams.

8929 Robin Band.
P., Mr. Barlow.

8930 Snowbird Band.
P., Mr. Crump.

8931 Mocking Bird Band.
P., Mr. Shoup.

8932 Blue Jay Band.
P., Mr. Hampton.

8933 Turtle Dove Band.
P., Mr. Morrison.

8934 Snowbird Band.
P., O. W. Gauss.

8935 Jefferson City, Mo.
Lincoln Institute.
Douglas Band.
P., F. S. Delany.

8936 Whittier Band.
P., E. A. Clarke.

8937 Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., D. S. Fowler.

8938 Summer Band.
P., Miss M. J. Matlock.

8939 Garrison Band.
P., G. M. De Baptiste.

8940 Lovejoy Band.
P., W. R. Lawton.

8941 I'll Try Band.
P., J. L. S. Deffer.

8942 Portland, Me.
Shaler School.
Shaler Band.
P., M. M. Eastman.

8943 Charlestown, Mass.
Berean Band.
P., Francis L. Beal.

8944 Marshalltown, N. J.
Ivy Hall Band.
P., Cornelia Anderson.

8945 Sedalia, Mo.
Public Schools.
Rosebud Band.
P., Mrs. R. J. Wilson.

8946 Canary Band.
P., Miss H. M. Past.

8947 Lily Band.
P., Clara Stricker.

8948 Geranium Band.
P., Hattie Van Antwerp.

8949 Pansy Band.
P., Bettie Hopkins.

8950 Longfellow Band.
P., Ella L. Mutz.

8951 Goldenrod Band.
P., Viola Moore.

8952 Touch-me-not Band.
P., Sue Green.

8953 Washington Irving Band.
P., Mattie M. Litts.

8954 C. S. Hubbard Band.
P., Miss Milroy.

8955 Golden Rule Band.
P., W. A. Rawles.

8956 Henry Bergh Band.
P., Agnes Reilly.

8957 Prospect Band.
P., Hattie Gold.

8958 Tuberose Band.
P., Phebe C. Randall.

8959 Lily of the Valley Band.
P., Emma Terrell.

8960 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Sara Kelley.

8961 Longfellow Band No. 2.
P., Eliza A. Nichols.

8962 Canary Band No. 2.
P., Lydia R. Kent.

8963 Kingbird Band.
P., Floy E. Jackson.

8964 Busy Bee Band.
P., Linnie Keiser.

8965 Lily of the Valley Bd. No. 2.
P., M. F. Logan.

8966 Honeysuckle Band.
P., Ida I. Bailey.

8967 Buttercups Band.
P., Eva Thomas.

8968 Rosebud Band No. 2.
P., Ruth Seaming.

8969 Dr. W. Richardson Band.
P., Susan A. Kernodle.

8970 Geo. Washington Band.
P., M. Bessie Williams.

8971 Goldenrod Band.
P., Alice Hochady.

8972 Lincoln Band.
P., Hattie Miller.

8973 Longfellow Band No. 3.
P., Cora Tredway.

8974 Emerson Band.
P., Eunice C. Cowsby.

8975 Lily Band No. 2.
P., M. S. McChuney.

8976 S. A. Kernodle Band.
P., Lucy M. Bowman.

8977 Busy Bee Band No. 2.
P., Lyda Burness.

8978 Rosebud Band No. 3.
P., Jennie Keiser.

8979 Whittier Band.
P., Emma Stosberg.

8980 Pansy Band No. 2.
P., Evelyn Jump.

8981 Rose Band.
P., Mary Doble.

8982 Busy Bee Band No. 3.
P., Luti Smith.

8983 Canary Band No. 3.
P., Cattie Hughes.

8984 Robin Band.
P., Cameron Garrett.

8985 Redbird Band.
P., E. Boulden.

8986 Canary Band No. 4.
P., Susie Taylor.

8987 Bluebird Band.
P., Florence Young.

8988 Robin Band No. 2.
P., Cora Napier.

8989 Lincoln Band No. 2.
P., J. I. Lane.

8990 Douglas Band.
P., H. O. Jones.

8991 Snowdrop Band.
P., Mary K. Brigham.

8992 Rosebud Band No. 4.
P., Laura E. Tucker.

8993 Lily Band No. 3.
P., Ella Gentry.

8994 Busy Bee Band No. 4.
P., Birdie Shaffer.

8995 Sedalia, Mo.
Catholic Schools.
Lily Band.
P., Sister Bridget.

8996 Shamrock Band.
P., Sister Maria.

8997 Canary Band.
P., Sister Veronica.

8998 Golden Rod Band.
P., Sister Clara Joseph.

8999 Rose Band.
P., Sister Ursula.

9000 Golden Rule Band.
P., Sister Anna.

9001 Sedalia, Mo.
Union Mission S. S.
Lily of the Valley Band.
P., Mrs. Jennie Hall.

9002 Washington, Ind.
Washington Band.
P., Loney Kelly.

9003 Somers, Wis.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Mrs. G. Shephard.

9004 Portland, Me.
Little People's Band.
P., Ella E. Gould.

9005 Massabesic Branch.
P., Evelyn A. Coleman.

9006 Bakersfield, Mo.
Sewall Band.
P., Mrs. M. D. Beall.

9007 Germantown, Pa.
Germantown Band.
P., Robt. T. Newhall.

9008 Dansville, Mich.
Riggs Band.
P., Minnie Riggs.

9009 New York City, N. Y.
York Band.
P., F. D. Lobdeed.

9010 Sedalia, Mo.
Sedalia College.
Geo. Washington Band.
P., Prof. E. V. Neal.

9011 Lincoln Band.
P., Prof. C. S. Clark.

9012 Garfield Band.
P., Prof. E. F. Sharp.

9013 Longfellow Band.
P., Prof. L. Morris.

9014 Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., Prof. F. W. Tamblin.

9015 Golden Rule Band.
P., Prof. T. J. Atkinson.

9016 Never Fail Band.
P., Prof. A. B. McDole.

9017 Goldenrod Band.
P., Miss M. S. Bunnon.

9018 Colorado Springs, Colo.
Prairie Band.
P., Fanny Skinner.

9019 McIntyre Band.
P., Thos. Vincent.

9020 Boston, Mass.
Clarendon Band.
P., Geo. Burton.

9021 Menomonee, Wis.
Kindness Band.
P., Clara Massee.

9022 Camden, Me.
Swan Band.
P., J. B. Swan.

9023 Canaan 4 Corners, N. Y.
St. Christopher Band.
P., Bro. Edwin.

9024 Goshen, Ind.
Kindness Band.
P., C. R. Myers.

9025 Worcester, Mass.
Chandler St. Band.
P., Frank E. Freeman.

9026 Carthage, Mo.
Public Schools.
Audubon Band.
P., E. E. Doud.

9027 Thoreau Band.
P., E. C. Brandon.

9028 Agassiz Band.
P., Mamie Stewart.

9029 W. C. Bryant Band.
P., Carrie Hammons.

9030 Longfellow Band.
P., Fannie Bliss.

9031 Louisa M. Alcott Band.
P., Sarah Frank.

9032 Whittier Band.
P., Bertha V. Smith.

9033 Violet Band.
P., A. A. Denton.

9034 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Josephine Berry.

9035 Nightingale Band.
P., Addie Manlove.

9036 I'll Try Band.
P., Lulu Twitchell.

9037 Goldenrod Band.
P., Irene Cunningham.

9038 Mocking Bird Band.
P., Elva Martin.

9039 Lily of the Valley Band.
P., Ida Gray.

9040 Touch-me-not Band.
P., Nellie A. Lowen.

9041 Pansy Band.
P., Birdie Smith.

- 9043 Busy Bee Band.
P., Sallie E. Portor.
- 9048 Rosebud Band.
P., Alice Matthews.
- 9044 Pansy Band No. 2.
P., Lilia C. Stephenson.
- 9045 Golden Chain Band.
P., Loula Vanneman.
- 9046 Redbird Band.
P., Kate M. Fisher.
- 9047 Sunshine Band.
P., Rozene Lehman.
- 9048 Canary Band.
P., Stella F. Hodshier.
- 9049 Robin Redbreast Band.
P., Frances Benjamin.
- 9050 Forget-me-not Band No. 2.
P., Lizzie L. Hammons.
- 9051 Pink Rose Band.
P., Marie Lehman.
- 9052 Pansy Band No. 2.
P., Lizzie E. Thomas.
- 9053 Violet Band No. 2.
P., M. L. Phelps.
- 9054 Snowbird Band.
P., Miss Woodmansu.
- 9055 Cuckoo Band.
P., Cella Wilbur.
- 9056 Daisy Band.
P., Ora B. Swift.
- 9057 Lily Band.
P., Ethel Byan.
- 9058 Lincoln Band.
P., M. A. Scruggs.
- 9059 Sumner Band.
P., Mattie Leonard.
- 9060 Whittier Band.
P., Emma Crawford.
- 9061 Nevada, Mo.
Public Schools.
Sunbeams Band.
P., Bettie Edmundson.
- 9062 Jaybird Band.
P., E. Davis.
- 9063 Mayflower Band.
P., Anna Clark.
- 9064 Violet Band.
P., Lula Fowkes.
- 9065 Golden Rule Band.
P., Kizzie Lowe.
- 9066 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Donnie Hooker.
- 9067 Pansy Band.
P., Mrs. J. M. Blalock.
- 9068 Goldenrod Band.
P., Ada A. Davis.
- 9069 Redbird Band.
P., Pearl Lemmon.
- 9070 Snowbird Band.
P., Sue Shaw.
- 9071 Bluebird Band.
P., Alice Gatewood.
- 9072 Mocking Bird Band.
P., Cora Sturtevant.
- 9073 Canary Band.
P., Minnie Hooker.
- 9074 Robin Band.
P., Edna Sterrett.
- 9075 Lily Band.
P., Margery Bowden.
- 9076 Oriole Band.
P., Jessie L. Coleman.
- 9077 Whittier Band.
P., H. H. Holmes.
- 9078 Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., Alice J. Hart.
- 9079 Lark Band.
P., Kate Taylor.
- 9080 Tulip Band.
P., Ruth Sickles.
- 9081 Never Fail Band.
P., F. N. Peters.
- 9082 I'll Try Band.
P., Anna Clark.
- 9083 Willing Workers Band.
P., Emma Skelton.
- 9084 Touch-me-not Band.
P., J. M. Davis.
- 9085 Sunshine Band.
P., King Stark.
- 9086 Helping Hand Band.
P., Fannie Lowe.
- 9087 Clinton, Mo.
Baird College.
Busy Bee Band.
P., Weedmeyer.
- 9088 Robin Band.
P., Anna Worth.
- 9089 Goldenrod Band.
P., Mary Garth.
- 9090 Pansy Band.
P., Stella Avery.
- 9091 Lily Band.
P., Eda Davis.
- 9092 Rosebud Band.
P., Ida Williams.
- 9093 Canary Band.
P., C. Shomaker.
- 9094 Red Bird Band.
P., Bessie Dundu.
- 9095 Longfellow Band.
P., Mrs. C. D. Price.
- 9096 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Jennie M. Kennedy.
- 9097 Addison Band.
P., Mrs. S. A. Brown.
- 9098 Wm. Penn Band.
P., Miss M. Williams.
- 9099 Goldsmith Band.
P., Carrie Wilder.
- 9100 Heliotrope Band.
P., Nannie M. Kennedy.



KEENE VALLEY.

From "An Adirondack Cabin." Used by kind permission of D. Lothrop Co., Boston.

- 9101 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Nellie Tyler.
- 9102 Bluebird Band.
P., Etta Switzer.
- 9103 Tulip Band.
P., Levina Sutton.
- 9104 Violet Band.
P., Stella Pearson.
- 9105 Daisy Band.
P., Wm. Hoopes.
- 9106 Lincoln Band.
P., W. E. White.
- 9107 Whittier Band.
P., A. W. Freeman.
- 9108 Clinton, Mo.
Baird College.
Lily Band.
P., Mrs. H. T. Baird.
- 9109 Rose Band.
P., M. L. Morrill.
- 9110 Tulip Band.
P., Corda Killman.
- 9111 Violet Band.
P., Miss Custer.
- 9112 Pansy Band.
P., Maude Hays.
- 9113 Milton Band.
P., Prof. Denton.
- 9114 Clinton, Mo.
Clinton Academy.
Audubon Band.
P., W. M. Godman.
- 9115 Thoreau Band.
P., R. D. Waddell.
- 9116 G. T. Angell Band.
P., Mrs. W. M. Godman.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright. — Carlyle.

Teach children to love everything that is beautiful, and you will teach them to be useful and good.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

In the summer of 1888 we had the pleasure of visiting the Adirondacks and of spending much of the time of our visit in the Keene Valley, considered to be the most beautiful valley of that mountain region, and on the shores of Lake Placid and Mirror Lake, which region may properly be considered to be the heart of the Adirondacks, excelling all others in combination of mountain and lake scenery. There now comes to our table a beautiful volume of four hundred and thirty-two pages, with one hundred and six pictorial illustrations, written by Margaret Sidney, published by D. Lothrop Co., Boston, and entitled "An Adirondack Cabin." We have read the first half of it with interest and pleasure, and finding in it beautiful views of "the Keene Valley" and the scenery of Mirror Lake and Lake Placid, and wishing to give our readers some representation of the beauty we saw there, we, by kind permission of Lothrop Co., publish two of the views, and with them give an extract from a description of an Adirondack deer hunt:—

EXTRACT FROM "AN ADIRONDACK CABIN."

"They could almost hear the light, springing steps of the frightened deer as it tore its way through the forest, coming toward them and to its death. Every nerve was tense and the blood receded from cheek and lip, so strong was the excitement controlling them. And for a moment Tom, level-headed fellow as he was, thought he should drop to the ground and give it up.

The next, he was conscious that out of the opening between the trees and down through the narrow avenue was coming a most beautiful animal. He could only see, it was leaping so fast on its slender legs, that it was graceful beyond anything he had ever imagined. On it came, in long, flying leaps. Almost to the friendly stream that should wash off the treacherous scent that had nearly given it to the dogs. On! on! In a flash the light flanks and round body came into view as Tom, with bated breath, but now with steady nerve, took aim. What! *The ears laid back in agony, the dark, wide, imploring eye, the nostril wide, as the panting creature came within range.*

"On my soul, I can't shoot a doe!" cried Tom, and sank back into the bushes, white as a sheet. "Crack went Travers' rifle. Crack, crack, went two other shots from the boat on the lake. The boys rushed out, Travers screaming at Tom, 'What was the matter with your gun?' as they ran down to the shore.

There was the doe swimming for dear life, the boat in full chase, *Uncle Joe's rifle strangely silent.*

"I hope she'll get away," groaned Tom.

Round and round the lake went the brave little doe, the boat in hot pursuit.

"Hah!" Travers gave a shout to answer the one in the boat, that told it was all over. One more pretty, graceful denizen of the Adirondack forest had run its last race. Tom turned on his heel and started into the bushes.

"I knocked her on the head with the paddle," said the guide as the victorious slayer rowed up; "see, she's a beauty," tugging into view the limp form of the doe.

[We do earnestly hope the time may soon come when such hunts will cease in the Adirondacks, and those mountains and valleys abound with deer that will feed from the hands of the tourists who visit that beautiful section.—EDITOR.]

(From "Washington Star.")

PASSENGER PIGEONS.

A while ago the so-called "passenger pigeon" flew by millions in the Ohio valley as far east as Massachusetts. Now but a very few of them are left. They have been shot by wholesale, and, while they lasted, were commonly utilized for shooting from traps. It is great sport to take a pigeon that has been captured in a net, put him in a box, and pop the poor creature at short range when he flies out at a signal, with about one chance in fifty for his life.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A STORY WHICH SHOULD BE READ IN ALL OUR
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 4, 1890.

MR. GEORGE T. ANGELL.

Dear Sir,—The enclosed story was written after reading your "Bird Leaflet." I send it, hoping it may further, if ever so little, the grand cause of teaching kindness to helpless animals. Perhaps it might be read, and make an impression, where a bare statement of facts would be thrown aside as uninteresting.

Sincerely,
(MISS) MARY CRAIG YARROW,
1335 N. Broad St., Philadelphia.

OLGA'S DREAM.

Towards the close of a dull November day, Olga climbed into the big arm-chair which stood before the blazing wood-fire. Marie was cross, and had a great pile of clothes to mend. The sleepy cat, stretched on the rug at her feet, refused to open her yellow eyes and play with the spool which Olga dangled enticingly over her paws. Papa would not be back from the city till nearly tea-time; so, with a sigh, she cuddled into a little heap on the soft cushions, and watched the canary hopping about his cage. As she gazed dreamily at the pretty creature he vanished away, and she found herself in a large garden. Flowers grew on every side, and the air was filled with the perfume of roses. A little brook ran through the centre and made a silvery tinkling as it flowed over the pebbles. But what instantly attracted her attention were the birds of every variety which flew through the air or perched on trees and bushes. Tiny humming-birds, gaudy parrots, sober-looking crows, and noisy sparrows, were all there, with many others.

As Olga gazed about in a bewildered way, a blackbird, followed by three fledglings, who were learning to take a few timid flights, came towards her, and, much to her surprise, the mother-bird said, in a chirpy little voice, "I suppose you are wondering where all these birds came from, and why they are here. This, you must know, is 'the birds' paradise,' and those which you see have been hunted down and killed for their beautiful feathers. Here we live our innocent, happy lives, where the cruelty of man cannot reach us, and no one covets the glossy plumage with which our Heavenly Father has clothed us.

"I will tell you how I came to be here. It is a sad tale, but one which is, alas! only too common. "One bright, sunny day in early spring I was standing on the edge of my nest, which was in the branches of a lofty maple. Our little ones were very hungry, and my mate had gone to find some dinner for them. Just as he came flying towards us, carrying a large worm in his mouth, I heard a loud bang, and he dropped to the ground. As I stood there trembling with fear, another followed, and suddenly I felt such a sharp pain in my side, that I loosened my hold and fell at the feet of a man who had a bag full of birds and bloody wings slung over one shoulder. He picked me up roughly in his strong, cruel hands, and tore first one wing and then the other from my body. Flinging me aside, he then did the same to my mate, who fortunately was dead, then threw them into his bag, and walked away. Bleeding and racked with pain I lay on the hard ground, listening to the heartrending cries of my children, who were too young to fly, and must slowly die of starvation. As twilight came, I grew very weak, and felt that the end was near. One bright star shone above the tree-top, and as I looked at it with eyes which were fast growing dim in death, a ray of light shot down between the branches which almost blinded me, and there, clad in dazzling white, stood a beautiful angel. Tenderly she lifted me and laid me in the folds of her robe. At the touch of her gentle hands all pain passed away, and I fell into a deep sleep. When I awoke, it was to find myself in this lovely garden, my mate and little ones by my side."

Olga smiled through the tears which had gathered in her eyes before the pitiful story had come to an end. As she wiped them away, and turned to pick a large red rose which grew on a bush near by, she noticed a canary which peered at her curiously with his bright, black eyes from a neighboring branch. "Tell me your story, too, pretty bird," she said, and moving a little nearer he began:—

"For a long time my home was in the store of a bird dealer. He had a great many birds like me for sale, confined in wooden cages so small that we could scarcely stretch our wings. We were only given enough seed to keep us alive, and often our water cups were empty all day. Some pined away and died, but though we were very uncomfortable, most of us lived. "But one day a gentleman bought me for a birthday present for his son. My cage was wrapped in paper, and was carried what seemed a long distance. At last the paper was removed, and I was put into a large brass cage. A tub of clear water stood on the floor, and how I enjoyed splashing around in it. After taking a good bath I hopped on the perch and took a survey of my new quarters. I found I was in a large sunny room, and flowers grew by the window near which my cage was hung. While I was admiring them—for it had been a long time since I had seen anything but bricks and cobblestones—I heard a faint sound from one corner of the room, and turning quickly I saw a boy lying in a bed at the other end of the room. Now, I never liked boys, with their rough ways, but this one did not look like the ones I had seen. He lay there so quietly, and the big dark eyes looked at me so kindly from his thin face, that I pitied him from the bottom of my heart, and sang my prettiest song, and from that time we were great friends. My little master was indeed far different from many other boys, for he was motherless, and had never walked a step. Every luxury that money could buy was in that room, but it could not bring relief from the pain which so often tortured him. A few months before I was brought there a sore trial had come to my little master: the tender mother, whose loving companionship had been his one solace, was called away. Near the bed hung a portrait of her, and often in his hours of pain I have seen his weary eyes turn to that lovely picture. As autumn deepened into winter I saw, with a sorrowful heart, that my dear friend grew weaker. His favorite books were laid aside, and he was seldom free from pain. Many physicians came, but they only shook their

heads when they saw my little master. The end came at last; just as the first faint streaks of dawn appeared in the sky he fell asleep. The next morning he was taken away, and I was left forgotten in the desolate room. No one came to bring me food or water. My throat grew parched and dry; how I longed for just one drop of water."

Here he paused, and Olga heard some one say, "What is my darling dreaming about?" and, opening her eyes, she was surprised to find herself still in the big chair, the fire burning brightly, and puss still dozing at her feet. Perched on papa's knee, she was soon eagerly relating her dream, and finished with, "O, papa! how glad I am it was only a dream."

He listened with a grave face, and then told his little daughter that five millions of song-birds were killed in one year to gratify woman's vanity. Olga listened with horror as he went on to say that the hunters start out when the nests are full of young. "What beauty is there," he said, "in a hat on which is perched a murdered bird, its sweet, happy song forever hushed, its innocent life cruelly cut off. Surely on the hands whose money buys these there rests a stain of blood perhaps as deep as that on the hands which shot them down."

He paused, and deep in her childish heart Olga registered a solemn vow which has never been broken. No murdered bird, with staring, glassy eyes, adorns her hat, a silent witness to the cruelty or thoughtlessness of the wearer. In the endless variety of ribbons, laces, and flowers she can find enough to gratify her love of the beautiful without encouraging the sacrifice of harmless lives.

IMMORTALITY OF ANIMALS.

In a book recently written and sent us by Mrs. Watson, of Edinburgh, Scotland, we find the following list of some of those who have believed in the immortality of animals:—

Luther, Wesley, Toplady, Cowper, Southey, Bishop Butler, Pollock, Keble, Pope, Byron, Dean Alford, Rev. Dr. Chalmers, Rev. Horatius Bonar, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Somerville, Lord Erskine, Mary Russell Mitford, Martin F. Tupper, Madame Bunsen, Sir Arthur Helps, Rev. J. G. Wood, Tennyson, Rev. J. G. Gregory, Rev. Dr. Cumming, Rev. Dr. Adolph Saphir, Rev. J. O. Morris, J. McGregor (Rob Roy), Rev. Dr. Macduff, Canon Kingsley, Dean Stanley, de Lamartine, General Gordon, Rev. Richard Wilton, M. A.

[To the above may be added Agassiz, and many of the leading minds of America.

—EDITOR.]

A KITTEN'S MOURNERS.

The dear little Maltese kitten was dead;

Jack and Elsie had buried it

In a cigar box, softly lined,

And the place of the little grave was signed

With a stone at the foot and a stone at the head,

In memory of Kit.

Elsie and Jack, the sister and brother,

Shed many tears for their dear dead pet—

The grief of a child is an April shower,

But its smile comes forth like an April flower—

They sat with their arms around each other,

Till the sun was set.

They saw a gray shape, in the twilight air,

Rise with the beat of a feathered wing—

An owl it was, but they never shall know:—

"O Elsie, look, see our kitty go

To heaven; and the angels will take good care

Of the dear little thing!"

Hand in hand to the house they came,

Serious yet, but not wholly sad;

They whispered together, the wise little elves:

"Some day we shall go to heaven ourselves,

And if kitty comes when we call her name,

Won't we be glad."

E. CAVAZZA, in *Portland Transcript*.

BABY'S FIRST PRAYER.

Little fat fingers crossed meekly,

Mimicking patient mamma;

Gracie looks up to our Father;

Charmingly lisping "Tah, tah."

This is the whole of her worship;

Yet he who promised to bear

Wee little lambs on his bosom

Listens to baby's first prayer.

Sweet little picture of heaven!

Well did the Good Master say,

"They must be like little children

Who would My Father obey."

Baby knows nothing of doubting,

Dark unbelief and despair;

All these she leaves to grown people,

Baby knows only her prayer.

So let it be, gracious Father,

All through her life's blessed day;

When clouds and darkness oppress her,

Teach her, great Teacher, to pray.

Tenderly lead and protect her,

Draw her with Fatherly love,

Make her both perfect and holy,

Fit for the mansions above.

—Picture World.

THE BEGGAR'S FOUNTAIN.

There is in Italy a fountain over which is the statue of a beggar drinking at a spring. It is called "The Beggar's Fountain," and this is its story: Once upon a time there lived a very proud and haughty man, who hated the poor and set himself above all the world who were not as wealthy and well-dressed as himself, and his want of charity was so great that it had become proverbial, and a beggar would no more have thought of asking bread at his gate than of asking him for all his fortune.

There was a spring on his land, a sweet spring of cold water, and it was the only one for miles; many a wayfarer paused to drink at it, but was never permitted to do so. A servant was kept upon the watch to drive such persons away. Now there had never been known before any one so avaricious as to refuse a cup of cold water to his fellowmen, and the angels, talking amongst themselves, could not believe it, and one of them said to the rest:—

"It is impossible for any but Satan himself! I will go to earth, and prove that it is not true."

And so this fair and holy angel disguised herself as a beggar woman, covered her golden hair with a black hood, and chose the moment when the master of the house was himself standing near the spring to come slowly up the road, and to pause beside the fountain and humbly ask for a draught of its sweet water.

Instantly the servant who guarded the spot refused; but the angel, desiring to take news of a good deed, not of an evil one, back to heaven, went to the master himself, and said, "I am, as you see, a wanderer from afar. See how poor are my garments, how stained with travel. It is not surely at your bidding that your servant forbids me to drink, and even if it is, I pray you bid him let me drink, for I am very thirsty."

The rich man looked at her with scornful eyes and said:— "This is not a public fountain; you will find one in the next village."

"The way is long," pleaded the angel, "and I am a woman and weak."

"Drive her away," said the rich man, and, as he spoke, the beggar turned; but on the instant her black hood dropped from her head and revealed floods of rippling golden hair—her unseemly rags fell to the ground—and the shimmering robes that angels wear shone in their place. For a moment she hovered, poised on purple wings, with her hands folded on her bosom and an ineffable sweetness of sorrow in her eyes. Then with a gush of music and a flood of perfume, she vanished.

The servant fell to the earth like one dead. The man trembled and cried out, for he knew that he had forbidden a cup of cold water to an angel, and horror possessed his soul.

Almost instantly a terrible thirst fell upon him which nothing could assuage. In vain he drank wines, sherbets, draughts of all pleasing kinds. Nothing could slake his thirst. The sweet water of the spring was saltier to him than the sea. He who never in his life had known an ungratified desire now experienced the torture of an ever unsatisfied longing; but through this misery he began to understand what he had done. He repented his cruelty to the poor. Angels were given daily at his gate. Charity was the business of his life. The fountain was no longer guarded, and near it hung a cup ready for any one who chose to use it. But the curse—if curse it were—was not lifted.

The rich man—youth when the angel visited him—grew middle-aged, elderly, old, still tortured by this awful thirst, despite his prayers and repentance. He had broken bread for the most miserable beggars who came to his door.

And, at eighty years of age, bowed with years of infirmity, and weary of his life, he sat beside the fountain weeping. And lo! along the road he saw approaching a beggar woman, hooded in black, and walking over the stones with bare feet. Slowly she came and paused beside the fountain.

"May I drink?" she asked.

"There is none to forbid thee," said the old man trembling. "Drink, poor woman. Once an angel was forbidden here, but that time has passed. Drink, and pray for one at thirst. Here is the cup."

The woman bent over the fountain and filled the cup; but instead of putting it to her lips she presented it to those of the old man. "Drink, then," she cried, "and thirst no more."

The old man took the cup and emptied it. O blessed draught! with it the torture of years departed, and as he drank it he praised Heaven. And lifting his eyes, once more he saw the beggar's hood drop to the ground and her rags fall in pieces. For a moment she stood revealed in all her beauty of snowy skin and golden hair and silvery raiment; and she stretched her hand toward him, as if in blessing, and then, rising, vanished in the skies. A strain of music lingered, a perfume filled the air, and those who came there soon after found the old man praying beside the spring.

Before he died he built the fountain from which the spring gushes, and it has been given to the poor forever. Such is the story of the "Beggar's Fountain."—*The Little Crusader*.

RECONCILIATION.

If thou wert lying, cold and still and white,
In death's embraces, O mine enemy!
I think that if I came and looked on thee
I should forgive; that something in the sight
Of thy still face would conquer me, by right
Of death's sad impotence, and I should see
How pitiful a thing it is to be
At feud with aught that's mortal.

So to-night,
My soul, unfurling her white flag of peace,
Forestalling that dread hour when we may meet
The dead face and the living, fain would cry
Across the years, "Oh, let our warfare cease!
Life is so short, and hatred is not sweet!
Let there be peace between us ere we die."

—Century.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

LITTLE JACK.

BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERBEE.

'Twas just that very busy time,
The dinner almost spread,
There came the well-familiar sound
Some older people dread—
The organ-grinder, winding long
The strains of a familiar song.

Instant the children quite forgot
Their dollies and their plays,
And to the nursery windows ran,
Excitement all ablaze.
"O! see the little monkey, drest
With cap and cloak and scarlet vest."

Now, little Jack as quick espied,
And, quite as glad as they,
He ran before, and up he ran,
Up, up, the dizziest way,
Till on the window-sill he stood
And grinned, and doffed his silken hood.

"A penny, please, my little dears,"
He, pleading, seemed to say;
"We are so hungry, he and I,
"Twas such a weary way."
He smiled and blinked,—O sweet device,
We gave our gift just in a trice!

The children danced, the monkey bowed,
And made obeisance low;
Half-down he slid, then in a heap
Jumped to the ground below.

* * * * *

The organ-grinder went his way,
And little Jack went too;
But never shall we quite forget
How lovingly and true
He followed as his master led,
Having, for perils, crumbs of bread.

He has hard work who has
nothing to do.



THE HEART OF THE ADIRONDACKS—MIRROR LAKE AND LAKE PLACID.

From "An Adirondack Cabin." Used by kind permission of D. Lothrop Co., Boston.

THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION ON VIVISECTION.

At the recent annual convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held in Atlanta, Ga., the following resolution, offered by the newly elected superintendent of the department of Mercy, Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., was passed:—

"Whereas we believe vivisection to be cruel, unnecessary, and demoralizing, tending to a deterioration of the human soul utterly out of proportion to any known benefit to the human body gained thereby, the practice of it thus reversing the teachings of Christianity:

"Resolved, that we will do all in our power to develop sentiment against it, and because we do not believe in half measures, nor in licensing any evil, we will do this with a view to securing legislation for its total prohibition."

Mrs. Lovell has also, we understand, recently sent to all the Episcopal clergy of America a letter, accompanied by pamphlets on the subject, asking their sympathy and aid.

DOES A TWO-YEAR-OLD BABY PAY?

Does a two-year-old baby pay for itself up to the time it reaches that interesting age? Sometimes I think not. I thought so yesterday when my own baby slipped into my study and "scrubbed" the carpet and his best white dress with my bottle of ink. He was playing in the coal hod ten minutes after a clean dress was put on him, and later in the day he pasted fifty cents' worth of postage stamps on the parlor wall and poured a dollar's worth of the choicest "White Rose" perfumery out of the window "to see it wain."

Then he dug out the centre of a nicely baked loaf of cake, and was found in the middle of the dining-room table with the sugar bowl between his legs and most of the contents in his stomach.

He has already cost over \$100 in doctors' bills, and I feel that I am right in attributing my few gray hairs to the misery I endured walking the floor with him at night during the first year of his life.

What has he ever done to pay me for that?

Ah! I hear his little feet pattering along out in the hall. I hear his little ripple of laughter because he has escaped from his mother and has found his way up to my study at a forbidden hour. But the door is closed. The worthless

little vagabond can't get in, and I won't open it for him. No, I won't. I can't be disturbed when I'm writing. He can just cry if he wants to. I won't be bothered for—"rat, tat, tat," go his dimpled knuckles on the door. I sit in silence.

"Rat, tat, tat."

I sit perfectly still.

"Papa."

No reply.

"Peeze, papa."

Grim silence.

"Baby tum in—peeze, papa."

He shall not come in.

"My papa."

I write on.

"Papa," says the little voice; "I lub my papa. Peeze let baby in!"

I am not quite a brute, and I throw open the door. In he comes with outstretched little arms, with shining eyes, with laughing face. I catch him up into my arms, and his warm, soft little arms go around my neck, the not very clean little cheek is laid close to mine, the baby voice says sweetly,—

"I lub my papa."

Does he pay?

Well, I guess he does! He has cost me many anxious days and nights. He has cost me time and money and care and self-sacrifice. He may cost me pain and sorrow. He has cost much. But he has paid for it all again and again and again in whispering those three little words into my ears: "I lub papa."

Our children pay when their very first feeble little cries fill our hearts with the mother love and the father love that ought never to fail among all earthly passions.

Do our children pay?—*J. H. D., in Detroit Free Press.*

THE SLED THAT WON THE GOLDEN ARROW.

One cold day recently a lady looked from a window down to the sidewalk and she saw a little girl and a little boy. The girl had a broken sled, and on the sled a board that fell off unless it was held.

Well, the little girl held the board just right, and made a quick jump and got on it, so that the board stayed in its place; then she got off, and told the little boy to jump on.

He jumped. The board tipped and the little boy fell on the sidewalk. The little girl picked him up, and brushed off the snow. Then the lady at the window heard the girl say: "Try again, Joe! That was too bad. Sister is sorry. She will hold the board this time." So the board was again put on the broken sled, and held until Joe was safely on it.

"Now, sit still, Joe, and I'll give you a nice sleigh ride," said the little girl. And then she picked up the rope and pulled. Up flew Joe's feet and he fell backward; but he was not hurt much, and, after another brushing, the girl said, "Now, sit with your feet to the back; you can't tumble off that way."

But he did. Only that time he fell on his face. Next he sat sideways, with his feet hanging over part of the runner. In this way he went safely a little way and then board and boy again upset.

The good sister tried a dozen times to give Joe a ride, but every time the broken sled threw him off. Still the little girl was patient and kind, and spoke gently, and took good care of her little brother. When they went away the lady opened the window and sent a big boy to follow them, and told him to come back and tell her where they lived.

That same day she went out and bought a strong and pretty sled. Its name was "Golden Arrow." Then she went to the house where the little girl lived and asked for the little girl who had been trying to give her little brother a ride that morning.

"Julia! Julia!" called her mother, "here is a lady asking for you."

Julia ran to the gate.

"You were trying to draw a little boy on the sidewalk in front of my house this morning," said the lady.

"I watched you, and you were so sweet and patient that I wanted to make you a present. And I have at my house a new sled for you, if you will come and get it."

Julia was soon at the lady's house with Joe and three other little brothers, and the "Golden Arrow" made five children happy many days.

In God's eternal plan a month, a year,
Is but an hour of some slow April day,
Holding the germs of what we hope and fear
To blossom far away.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in November.

Fines and witness' fees, \$88.70.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Animal World. London, England. Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa. Band of Mercy. Sydney, New South Wales. Animals' Friend. Vienna, Austria. Bulletin of the Russian S. P. A. St. Petersburg, Russia. Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill. Humane Advocate. Toronto, Canada. Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y. Zoophilist. London, England. Asheville, N. C. Constitution and By-Laws of the North Carolina S. P. C. A. Oshkosh, Wis. Second Annual Report of the Oshkosh and Winnebago Humane Society, 1890-91.

The bogus counts who come to this country and boast of having been presented at innumerable foreign courts, usually wind up by being presented to an American police court.

A little girl who had mastered her catechism confessed herself disappointed "because," she said, "though I obey the fifth commandment and honor my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am put to bed at seven o'clock."

Tamberlik, the tenor, was once strolling through the market at Madrid, when he noticed a great lot of song-birds in cages. He drew a thousand franc note from his pocket, handed it to the proprietor, and threw open all the cages, saying: "Go and be free, my brothers!" as the birds flew away.

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